exposed.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Fete Bolduc, a haif-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble, Journey of Frisble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Claip and Ray occupy same cance. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay, Chip and Ray are in love, but no one readlzes this but Cy Walker. Strange cance marks found on take shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend. Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Hay believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc who escapes with her in a cance. Chip is resturning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school it, Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting from he was penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to freenvale and finds Chip return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Kay has been broken refuses. When

CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued.

It is said that great discoveries are almost invariably made by some trifling accident-a gold mine found by stumbling over a stone, a valley prolific of diamonds disclosed by digging for water.

In this case it was true, for as Old Cy bent to light his second torch ere he withdrew from the inner cave, a flash of reflected light came from beneath this slab-only for one second, but enough to attract his attention.

He stooped again and lifted the slab. Six large tin cans had been hidden by it. He grasped one and could scarce lift it. Again his fingers closed over He crawled backward to the better-lighted cave and drew the cover off the can with eager motion, and poured a heap of shining, glittering coin out upon that food-littered table.

Into that dark hole he dived again, as a starved dog leaps for food, seized the cans, two at a time, almost tumbled back, and emptied them. Four had been filled with gold coin and two

stuffed with paper money. Folded with these bills of all denominations from one to fifty dollars was a legal paper yellowed by age. with a red seal still glowing like a

It was an innholder's license, authorizing one Thomas McGuire to furnish food, shelter, and entertainment

for man and beast. With eyes almost tear-dimmed and heart throbbing at having found poor Chip's splendid heritage, Old Cy now

gazed at it. The sharp stones upon which he knelt nearly pierced his flesh, but he

The glint of sunlight from the crack above caressed his scant gray hairs and white fringing beard, forming al-

most a halo, yet he knew it not. He only knew that here, before him, on this rude stone table, lay thousands of dollars, all belonging to the child

he loved. "Thank God, little gal," he said at last, 'I've found what belongs to ye, 'n' ye hain't got to want for nothin' no more. I wish I could kiss ye now."

Little did he realize that at this very moment of thankfulness for her sake, poor Chip was lost to all who ber, and, half starved and almost hopeless, knew not where to find shelter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Old Cy emerged from the cave, his face glorified and heart throbbing with the blessings now his to give Chip, he looked about with almost fear. The two abandoned canoes and the trusty rifle had seemed an assurance of tragic import, and yet no. proof of this outlaw's death. That this cave had been his lair, could not be doubted; and so momentous was this discovery, and so anxious was Old Cy to rescue this fortune, that he trembled with a sudden dread.

But no sign of human presence met his sweeping look.

The lake still rippled and smiled in the sunlight. Two deer, a buck and doe, were feeding on the rushgrown shore just across, while at his feet that rusty rifle still uttered its fatal message.

Once more Old Cy glanced all about, and then entered the cave again. Here, in the dim light and with trembling hands, he filled the cans once more, and almost staggered, so faint was he from excitement, he hurried to the cance, and packing them in its bow, covered the precious cargo with

his blanket. Then he ran like a deer back to the cave, closed it with the slab, grasped his rifle, and not even looking at the rusty one, bounded down the path to landing, and how like two boys Marhis canoe again, launched it, and tin and Ray behaved needs no de-

Never before had it seemed so frail prow around toward the outlet, a curious object met his eyes.

Far up the lake, and where no ripple concealed it, lay what looked like a

Cy never could explain, for escape from the lake was now his sole thought. And yet, with one sweep of his paddle he turned his canoe and sped across the lake. And now, as he neared this object, it slowly outlined itself, and he saw a grewsome sight.-two bloated corpses grasping one another as if in a death grapple. One had hair of bronze red, the other a hideously scarred face with lips drawn and teeth

Hate, Horror and Death personified. Only for a moment did Old Cy glance at this ghastly sight, and then he turned again and sped back across the lake.

The bright sun still smiled calm and serene, the morning breeze still kissed the blue water, the two deer still watched him with curious eyes; but he saw them not-only the winsome face and appealing eyes of Chip as he last beheld them.

And now in the prow of his canoe lay her fortune, her heritage, which was, after all, but scant return for all the shame and sigma so far meted

It was almost sunset ere Old Cy, his nerves still quivering and wearied as never before, crossed the little lake and breathed a sigh of heart-felt gratitude as he drew his canoe out on the sandy shore near the ice house. No one was in sight, nor likely to be. A thin column of smoke rising from the cabin showed that the hermit was still on earth, and now for the first time, Old Cy sat down and considered his plans for the near future.

even his old trusted companion here, 'fore ye come 'way?" not even Martin, or Angle, and cer-

in," he said, "and he says that neither McGuire nor the half-breed has been seen or heard of since early last fall. Hersey came in early this spring with one of his deputies; they visited a half dozen lumber camps, called twice at Tim's Place, and even went over to Pete's cabin on the Fox Hole, but nowhere could they learn anything of these two men. More than that, no canoe was found at Pete's hut, and there was no sign of occupation at all this past winter. Nothing could be learned from Tim, either, although not much was expected from that source. It is all a most mysterious disappearance, and the last that we can learn of Pete was his arrival and departure from Tim's Place after we cued Chip."

'I think both on 'em has concluded this section was gittin' too warm for 'em," remarked Levi, "an' they've lit

"It's good riddance if they have," answered Old Cv. 'an' I'm sartin none on us'll ever set eyes on 'em ag'in." And Old Cy spoke the truth, for none of this party ever did. In fact, no human being, except himself and Martin, ever learned the secret that this mountain-hid lake could tell.

But another matter now began to interest Old Cy-how Ray and Chip stood in their mutual feelings. That all was not as he wished, Old Cy soon guessed from Ray's face and actions, and he was not long in verifying it. "Wal, how'd ye find the gal?" he

said to Ray when the chance came. 'Was she glad to see ye?" "Why, yes," answered Ray, looking

away, "she appeared to be. I wasn't in Greenvale but two weeks, you know. "Saw her 'most every evenin' dur-

in' that time, I s'pose?' "No, not every one," returned Ray, vaguely; "her school hadn't closed when I got home, and she studied

nights, you see.' Old Cy watched Ray's face for a mo-

"I ain't pryin' into yer love matters," he said at last, "but as I'm on your side, I'd sorter like to know how it's progressin'. Wa'n't thar nothin' First and foremost, not a soul, not said 'tween ye-no sort o' promise,

"No, nothing of that sort," answered





Old Cy Now Gazed at It.

tainly not Ray, must learn what had Ray, looking confused, "though we now come into his possession. Neither must his journey to this far-off lake or love to you. I'm afraid Chip don't aught he had learned there be disclosed.

But how was he to escape from the woods and these people, soon to arrive for their summer sojourn? And what if Chip herself should come? Two conclusions forced themselves upon him now: first, he must so conceal the fortune that none of these friends even could suspect its presence; next, he must by some pretext leave here as soon as Martin and his party arrived, and cease not his watchful care until Chip's heritage was safe in some bank in her name.

And now, with so much of his future moves decided upon, he hurried to the cabin, greeted Amzi, urged him to hasten supper, and, securing a shovel, returned to his canoe.

In five minutes the cans of gold were buried deep in the sand, and upon Old Cy's person the bills found concealment. How much it all amounted to, he had not even guessed, nor scarce thought. To secure it and bear it safely away from this now almost accursed lake had been his sole thought and must be until locks and bolts could guard it better. That night Old Cy hardly slept a moment.

Two days after, just as the sun was nearing the mountain top, Martin, Angie, Levi and Ray entered the lake. How grateful both Old Cy and Amzi were for their arrival, how eagerly they grasped hands with them at the

All that had happened in Greenvale a craft. And now, as he swung its was soon told. Chip's conduct and progress were related by Angie. Ray's plans to remain here another winter were disclosed by him; and then, when the cheerful party had floating log, clasped by a human arm. sathered about the evening fire, Mar-What intuition led him hither, Old tin touched upon another matter.

parted good friends, and she sent her quite like Greenvale." Old Cy made no answer, though a

smothered "hum, ha" escaped him at the disclosure of what he feared. "I wish ve'd sorter clinched matters 'fore ye left," he said, after a pause; "that is, if ye're callatin' to be here 'nother winter. It's most too long to

keep a gal guessin'; 'sides, 'tain't right." Ray, however, made no defense, in fact, seemed guilty and confused, so

Old Cy said no more. A few days later he made a proposal that astonished Martin.

"I've been here now bout two years," he said, "an' I'm gittin sorter oneasy. I callate ye kin spare me a couple o' weeks."

No intimation of his real errand escaped him, and so adroitly had he laid his plans and timed his movements, that when his cance was packed and he bade them good-by, no one sus-

But Old Cy was more than "sorter oneasy," for the only spot where he dared close his eyes in sleep during that three days' journey out of the wilderness was in his canoe, with his head uillowed on that precious gold.

pected how valuable a cargo it carried.

When Old Cy joined the little party at the lake again he seemed to have aged years. His sunny smile was gone. He looked weary, worn and dis-

"Chip's run away from Greenvale," he said simply, "an' nobody can find hide nor hair on her. They've follered the roads for miles in every direction. Nobody can be found that's seen anybody like her 'n' they've even dragged the mill-pond. She left a note chargin' it to that durn fool, Hannah, and things she said, which I guess was true. I'd like to duck her in the hoss-pond!"

Such news was like a bombshell in the camp, or if not, what soon followed was, for after a few days Old Cy made another announcement which upset the entire party.

"I think I'd best go back to Green vale," he said, "an' begin a sarch for that gal. I ain't got nobody in the world that needs me so much, or I them. I'm a sorter outcast myself, ez you folks know. That little gal hez crept into my heart so, I can't take no more comfort here. Amzi don't need me so much as I need her 'n' I've made up my mind I'll start trampin' till I find her. I've a notion, too, she'll head for the wilderness ag'in, 'n' I'm most sartin she'll fetch up whar her mother was buried. I watched that gal middlin' clus all last summer. She's true blue 'n' good grit. She won't do no fool thing, like makin' way with herself, 'n' I'll find her somewhar arnin' her own Hvin' if I live long 'nuff. From the note she left, I know that was in her mind."

Martin realized that there was no use in trying to change Old Cy's intent-in fact, had no heart to do so, for he too felt much the same toward

"I'll give you all the funds you need, old friend," he made answer, "and wish you God-speed on your mission. I'll do more than that even. I'll pay some one to watch at Grindstone for the next year, so if Chip reaches there, we can learn it.'

That night he held a consultation with his wife.

"I suspect we are somewhat to blame for this unfortunate happening," he said to her, "or, at least, some thoughtless admissions you may have made led up to it. It's a matter we are responsible for, or I feel so, anyway. I think as Old Cy does, that this girl must be found if money can do it and I propose that we break camp and return to Greenvale. If Amzi can't be coaxed to go along, I must leave Levi with him. No power on earth can keep Old Cy here any longer."

But the old hermit had changed somewhat since that night he broke away and returned to this camp, and when the alternative of remaining here alone, or going out with them all, was presented, he soon yielded.

"If Cyrus is goin', I'll have to." he said. "I'd be lonesome without him." And to this assertion he adhered. Ray, however, was the most dejected and unhappy one now here, though fortunately Old Cy was the only one who understood why, and he kept

They were even more sad when Aunt Comfort showed them Chip's message, and Angie read it with brimming eyes. And now came Old Cy's departure, on a quest as hopeless as that of the Wandering Jew and as pathetic as the

Ancient Mariner's. sage and charge:

"Here's a bank book," he said "that calls fer 'bout \$60,000. It's the savin's o' McGuire, 'n' belongs to Chin. found the cave whar 'twas hid. I found McGuire 'n' the half-breed, both dead 'n' floatin in the lake clus by, an' 'twas to keer fer this money I quit ye

three weeks ago. "If I never come back here,-an' I never shall 'thought I find Chip,-keep it fer her. Sometime she may show up. If ever she does, tell her Old Cy did all he could fer her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Life at Peaceful Valley and the home of Judson Walker fell into its usual monotony after Chip's depart-

Each day Uncle Jud went about his chores and his crop-gathering and watched the leaves grow scarlet, then brown, and finally go eddying up and down the valley, or heap themselves into every nook and cranny for final sleep.

Existence had become something like this to him, but he could no longer anticipate a vernal budding forth as the leaves came, but only the sear and tutumn for himself, with the small and sadly neglected churchyard at the Corners for its ending.

Snow came and piled itself into fantastic drifts. The stream's summer chatter was hushed. The cows. chickens, and his horse, with woodcutting, became his sole care. Once a week he journeyed to the Corners for his weekly paper and Mandy's errands, always hoping for a message from Chip. Now and then one came, little missive in angular chirography, telling how she longed to return to them, which they read and reread by candlelight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Stole a Train for a Lark.

Village Joker in a Washington Town Almost Caused a Wreck.

Bellingham, Wash. - The Great Northern - Seattle - Bellingham local train was stolen the other night from the depot where it was left for a few minutes while the crew went to lunch by Barkley McCutcheon, a town character. Jumping into the cab, Mc-Cutcheon threw open the throttle and away the train shot, going north at high speed. The bell was ringing and

the whistle blowing. The train crew rushed for

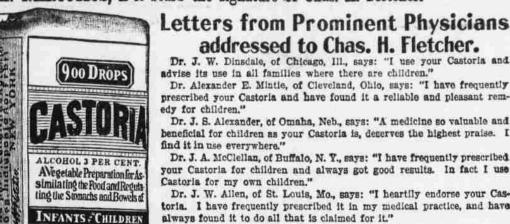
speeder and followed until it was discovered that the man at the valve had reversed the train and was returning south. He had the train under full speed, and it was only by a narrow margin that the pursuing crew was able to get off the track. McCutcheon later stopped the train, bringing it to an abrupt stop.

McCutcheon, who is about 22 years old, was very much pleased with his experience. He was taken to the city prison and locked up.

When an awkward man lends hand he's apt to put his foot in it.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing onium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CON-TAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



Dr. C. H. Glidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young." Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most

happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy." Dr. J. A. Boarman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants

and children." Dr. J. J. Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Charff Fletchers.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

GALLANTRY.

Promotes Digestion Cheerfi

ness and Rest. Contains neithe

NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of that De-SOM ELLITTOER

Aperfect Remedy for Constant

tion . Sour Stomach. Diarrhos

Worms Convulsions Feverish

ness and Loss of SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Chart Flateton

NEW YORK.

At6 months old

35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food

Exact Copy of Wrapper.



Weary William-Excuse me, miss, But the climax was reached when but I see that you have had a tiff Old Cy gave Martin his parting mes- with your lover, and he has left you. Allow me to escort you home instead.

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema-Now Well -Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body the blood oozed out fust anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C- gave her up. Dr. B—— recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

Selfish Etiquette. Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for num-Here are two of them:

"When cake is passed, do not fin ger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best. "Never refuse to taste of a dish be-

cause you are unfamiliar with it, or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret."-Youth's Companion.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the discussed portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies cased portion of the ear. Bore is only sine way to care dearness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous ining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect bearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Clatarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness icaused by catarrh; that caunot be cired by Hail's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

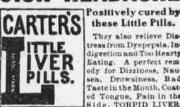
Sold by Druggists. Re. Sold by Druggists, The. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Anything-Almost. "Mrs. Rucksher is a woman who seems to be willing to do almost anything for the sake of appearance." "Yes-but she draws the line at wearing inexpensive hats for the sake of making her husband's task easier when he has to face the assessor."

Honorable Youth. "Here, you, sir!" cried Miss Roxley's angry papa, "how dare you show your face here again?"

"Well," replied young Nervey, "I might have worn a mask, of cours but that would have been deceitful."

SICK HEADACHE "She hasn't any cause to be snip py with me. The last time I saw her



digestion and Too Mearty
Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad
Tastein the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the
Side, TORPID LIVER.
They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing.

Revised Homestead Regulations

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, bruther or sister of an intending homesteader Thousands of homesteads of 100 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good heighbors, churches for family worship, schools

beighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crups, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphiet, "Last Beat West," particulars as to rates, bottes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

Extring Cocoanut-Custard Pie.
Everybody praises Cocoanut-Custard pie
if it's made right, but a soggy pie will
spoil the entire meal. Grocers are now
selling "OUR-PIE." each le-cent package
containing just the proper ingredients for
two pies. Get the Custard for CocoanutCustard pies. "Put up by D-Zerta Food
Co., Rochester, N. Y." Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Breutsood Belgium Buying Autos. Belgium is now importing yearly REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. shout \$1,500,000 worth of automobiles.

If You Have Common Sore Eyes, if lines blur or run together, you need PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All drug-gists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

motorcycles and bicycles. These im-

ports have quadrupled in four years.

So Polite.

I'm sure I did the politest thing I

"We were on a car and when a

man offered me a seat I said to her:

You take it, dear; you're the older."

Eating Cocoanut-Custard Pie.

"What did you do?"

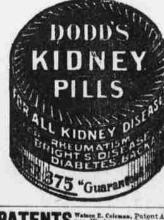
A good life is the readlest way to procure a good name.-Whichcot.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. Wise women get their rights without

talking about them. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. lidren teething, softens the gurus, reduces in-stion, alleys pain, cures wind coild. 25c s bottle.

He that despiseth small things will

perish little by little.-Emerson.



ROOFING Asphalt, best quality \$1.30 up. Pain Roofing Allert and Pain Roofing Allert and Personal Risky and Roofing Allert and Roofing Allert and Roofing Roofi

If amicted with Thompson's Eye Water





A. N. K .- B (1908-22)



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